

The history

Enter Bastard

Bast. Turne slaue and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Bast. A Bastard sonne of *Priams*.

Therf. I am a bastard too, I loue bastards. I am bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in minde, bastard in va'our, in euery thing illigitimate, one beare wil not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? take heed, the quarrells most ominous to vs, if the sonne of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts iudgement, fare-well bastard.

Bast. The duell take thee coward.

Exit.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrified core so faire without,
Thy goodly armor thus hath cost thy life;
Now is my daies worke done ile take my breth:
Rest sword thou hast thy fill of bloud and death.

Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

Achil. Loke *Hector* how the Sunne begins to set,
How ougly night comes breathing at his heeles
Euen with the vaile and darkning of the Sunne,
To close the day vp, *Hectors* life is done.

Hect. I am vnarm'd forgoe this vantage Greeke.

Achil. Strike felowes strike, this is the man I seeke,
So Illion fall thou next, come Troy sinke downe,
Here lies thy heart, thy sinne wes and thy bone.
On *Myrmidons*, and cry you all a maine,
Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* slaine,
Harke a retire vpon our Grecian prat.

Retreat:

One: The Troyan trumpet sound the like my Lord.

Achil: The dragon wing of night orespreds the earth,
And stickler-like the armies separates.

My halfe sapt sword that frankly would haue fedde,
Pleas'd with this dainty baite thus goes to bed:
Come tie his body to my horses taile,

Along the field I will the Troyan traile.

Exeunt:

Enter Agam: Ajax, Mene: Nestor, Diom:
and the rest marching.

Aga. Hark, harke, what is this?

Nest:

of Troilus and

Nest. Peace drums.

Sould: within. *Achilles*, *Achil*

Dio. The bruite is *Hectors* sla

Ajax. If it be so yet bragless

Great *Hector* was as good a m

Aga. March patiently along

To pray *Achi*'les see vs at our t

If in his death the Gods haue

Great Troy is ours, and our sha

Enter Aeneas, Paris,

Aene. Stand ho? yet are w

Enter Ti

Troy. Neuer goe home, here

Hector is slaine.

All. *Hector*! the gods forbid

Troy. Hee's dead and at the n

In bestly sort dragd through

Frowne on you heauens, effe

Sit gods vpon your thrones, an

I say at once, let your breefe pl

And linger not our sure destru

Aene. My Lord you doe dis

Troy. You vnderstand me no

I do not speake of flight, of fe

But dare all immynence that g

Addresse their daungers in. *He*

Who shall tel *Priam* so or *He*

Let him that will a scrich-oul

Goe into Troy and say their *A*

There is a word will *Priam* tu

Make wells and *Niobe*'s of th

Could statues of the youth an

Scarre Troy out of it selfe, the

Stay yet you proud abhominat

Thus proudly pitcht vpon our

Let *Tyran* rise as carely as he

lle through, and through you

No space of earth shall sunder